

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,  
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,  
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time all the rest depart away:  
You Capulet shall goe along with me,  
And Mountague come you this afternoone,  
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:  
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:  
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

*Moun.* Who set this auncient quarrell new abroad?  
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?

*Ben.* Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,  
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,  
I drew to part them, in the instant came  
The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,  
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,  
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,  
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.  
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

*Wife.* O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?  
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun  
Peerd forth the golden window of the East,  
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,  
Where vnderneath the grooue of Sycamore,  
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:  
So carely walking did I see your Sonne:  
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood,  
I measuring his affections by my owne,  
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found;  
Being one too many by my weary selfe,  
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

*Moun.* Many a morning hath he there beene seene,  
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,  
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,  
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,  
Should in the farthest East begin to draw  
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,  
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,  
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,  
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,  
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:  
Blacked and portendous must this humour proue,  
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

*Ben.* My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

*Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

*Ben.* Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

*Moun.* Both by my selfe and many others Friends,  
But he his owne affections counsellor,  
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)  
But to himselfe so secret and so close,  
So farre from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,  
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.  
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,  
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,  
He know his greauance, or he much denide.

*Moun.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

*Ben.* Good morrow Cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new strooke nine.

*Rom.* Ay me, sad houres seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence, so fast?

*Ben.* It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

*Rom.* Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.

*Ben.* In loue.

*Romeo.* Out.

*Ben.* Of loue.

*Rom.* Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

*Ben.* Alas that loue so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

*Rom.* Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then, O bawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heaue lightnesse, serious vanitie,

Mishapen Chaos of wellseeming formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sick health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doeft thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No Coze, I rather weepe.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good hearts oppression.

*Rom.* Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heaue in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discrete,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewell my Coze.

*Ben.* Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, heere's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

*Rom.* What shall I grone and tell thee?

*Ben.* Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* A sickle man in sadnesse makes his will:

A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

*Ben.* I aynd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

*Rom.* A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue.

*Ben.* A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit,

*Rom.* Well in that hit you misse, shee's not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bid th' encounter of assailing eyes.

Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her feuerity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She

She is too faire, too wisewi: sely too faire,

To merit blisse by making me dispaire:

She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow

Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

*Ben.* By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,

These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,

Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:

Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,

What doth her beauty serue but as a note,

Where I may read who past that passing faire.

Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

*Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*

*Cap.* Mountague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,

For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

*Par.* Of Honourable reckoning are you both,

And pittie 'tis you liu'd at odds so long:

But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

*Cap.* But saying ore what I haue said before,

My Child is yet a stranger in the world,

Shew hath not seene the change of foueteene yeares,

Let two more Summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

*Par.* Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soone mar'd are those so early made:

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,

Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,

My will to her consent, is but a part.

And shee agree, within her scope of choise,

Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:

This night I hold an old accusom'd Feast,

Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,

Such as I loue, and you among the store,

One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,

Earth-treading staters, that make darke heauen light,

Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,

When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele

Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight

Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house: heere all see:

And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which one more veiws, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckning none.

Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,

Through faire *Verona*, find those perions out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

*Par.* Find them out whose names are written.

It is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his

Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his

Penkill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to

find those perions whose names are writ, & can neuer find

what names the writing person hath here writ: (I must to

the learned) in good time.

*Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,

One paine is leebd by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:

One desparate greefe, cures with anothers laugh:

Take thou some new infection to the eye,

And the rank poyson of the old wil die.

*Rom.* Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:

Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,

Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

*Ben.* Goddigoden, I pray sir can you read?

*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

*Ben.* Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:

But I pray can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

*Ben.* Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

*S.* Eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: Countie An-

selme and his beauntous sisters: the Lady widow of Utra-

nio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neece: Mercutio and

his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daugh-

ters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Linia, Seigneur Valentio, & his

Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the lovely Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

*Ben.* Vp.

*Rom.* Whither? to supper?

*Ben.* To our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Ben.* My Maisters.

*Rom.* Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

*Ben.* Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is

the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of

Mountague, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest

you merry. *Exit.*

*Ben.* At this same auncient Feast of Capulet,

Supps the faire *Rosaline*, whom thou so looues:

With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,

Go thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show:

And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

*Rom.* When the deuout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:

And these who often drown'd could neuer die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,

Herselfe poyl'd with herselfe in either eye:

But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,

Your Ladies loue against some other Maid

That I will show you, shining at this Feast.

And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.

*Rom.* Ile goe along, no such fight to be showne,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter Capulet's wife and Nurse.*

*Wife.* Nurse, wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old

I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,

Wher's this Girle? what *Juliet*?

*Enter Juliet.*

*Juliet.* How now, who calls?

*Nur.* Your Mother.

*Juliet.* Madam I am heere, what is your will?

*Wife.* This is the matter: Nurse giue leaue awhile, we

must